msa_sc2901_scm1625-0489 © Maryland State Archives

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

Vol. 46. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, FEB. 27, 1886. No. 43.

The Kent News:

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER. WM. B. USILTON.

PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
Two DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.
AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

Professional Cards.

STEDMAN T. WICKES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
☞Office near the Court-House, adjoining J. A. Pearce, Esq. feb20-6m.

HARRISON W. VICKERS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
CHESTERTOWN, MARYLAND.
aug4-y.

JOHN D. URIE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Office adjoining Store of T. W. Ellason, Jr.
Will practice in Kent and Queen Anne's Counties. jan17.

Drs. T. H. & J. W. COOPER,
HOMŒOPATHIST,
Chestertown, Md., opposite the Voshell House.

DR. S. C. PENNINGTON,
DENTIST,
81 N. Charles Street. Baltimore, Md.

DR. PENNINGTON was formerly associated with the late Dr. T. C. Norton, (for 17 years proprietor of the Colton Dental Association). Dr. Pennington is the only Dentist in the city that makes a SPECIALTY of Extracting Teeth by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas.
Sept. 12—1885-y.

W. BURCHINAL JUDEFIND,
Teacher of Instrumental and Vocal Music.
☞Organ, Violin, Cornet and Brass Band Instruments a specialty. Call on or address me at Edesville, Md. Terms moderate. n1.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county letters of administration on the personal estate in Kent county, Maryland, of

JAMES S. GEMMILL,

late of Kent county, Maryland, deceased.
All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the undersigned on or before the 11th day of Sept., 1886, otherwise they may be excluded by law from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 9th day of February, 1886.

JAMES A. PEARCE,
f13-4t. Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE, That the subscriber has obtained from the Orphans' Court of Baltimore City letters of administration on the personal estate of

MARY CORNELIA J. LEARY,
late of said city deceased.

All persons having claims against said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 2d day of August next; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 29th day of January, 1886.

HOPE H. BARROLL, Adm'r,
CHESTERTOWN, Md.

All persons indebted to the estate of said Mary C. J. Leary are hereby notified to call at or send to my office and settle the same on or before Tuesday, February 15, 1886.

HOPE H. BARROLL, Att'y.
fe6-4t. CHESTERTOWN, Md.

Continental Fire Ins. Co.

Cash Assets, Jan. 1st, 1885 $4,938,501.92

Will insure all kinds of Farm Property and Dwellings against any damage by Fire and Lightning, for any length of time from 10 days to 5 years on terms that can't be beat. Buildings insured while being built. New and valuable property insured close to actual value.

A postal from parties wishing insurance will receive prompt attention. The following well-known and valuable properties are insured in this company:

The residence of James A. Pearce, Esq., H. W. Vickers, Esq., and Mr. S. Vannort, also, the County Court House, the New Jail and the County Almshouse.

JOHN D. URIE, Agent,
aug1. Chestertown, Md.

First Class

HORSE-SHOEING

We take this mode of informing our customers and the public generally that we have a First Class, Professional

HORSE-SHOER

in our employ, one who can give satisfaction to horsemen in Shoeing Cutters, Forgers and Grabbers.

We are also happy to say that our Mr. J. W. Lambert has improved in health and will superintend the Shoeing Department in person.

ja26. CHAPMAN & LAMBERT.

Gold and Silver

WATCHES,

SOLID GOLD JEWELRY, ROGERS BEST SILVER-PLATED WARE,

CLOCKS & NOVELTIES,

and everything suitable foa Wedding or Holiday Presents can be found at

C. M. LUCAS',

opp. "Kent News" Office, Chestertown.

WINTER BOOTS.—Men's Boots at $2, $2 50, $3, $3 50. Boys Boots all sizes and prices. Those intending to purchase will do well to examine our stock. J. H. SIMPERS,

Is It TRUE?

WHAT?

That there is a Shoe Store in Chestertown as well-equipped in Stock as are many of the first-class city stores?

RUMOR says it is true, and we have investigated the matter and *know* from personal experience that not only this is true, but a

FURTHER TRUTH

is that at this store

Gentlemen's Shoes, Ladies' Shoes, Boys' & Misses' Shoes, anything and everything in Shoes, from a pair of Shoe Strings up to a pair of

THE FINEST

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hand-made Goods can be had at a

LOWER PRICE!

For the SAME QUALITY of WORK THAN IN THE CITY.

☞**READERS!**

please bear this in mind and govern yourselves accordingly.

NOW! the next important question is where is the Store? Answer:

GOSLEE,

THE SHOE MAN,

Adjoining the Bank, Chestertown, Md.

☞A full stock of RUBBERS for Ladies, Gents and Children now in stock. Please give me a call and if we don't satisfy you it will not be our fault.
Feb. 6, 1886.

New Establishment
—OF—
HARNESS!
Collars, Saddles, Whips
—AND—
HORSE GOODS of ALL KINDS!

AFTER an experience of nearly twelve years in the practical HARNESS BUSINESS I now feel thoroughly competent of giving satisfaction in every particular. My special attention will be directed to

HAND-MADE WORK
OF ALL KINDS
AND REPAIRING!

☞All Orders will receive my prompt and personal attention. Hoping to receive a liberal share of your patronage, I remain yours most respectfully,

D. P. JONES, Agt.,
CHESTERTOWN.

Up town, below the office of C. W. C. Johnson, Esq. j23-y.

"Money Saved is Money Made." This

You can Do by Buying Goods of

THOMPSON---Up Town.

WE will sell you a barrel of Gambrill's, or Wm. Lea & Son, Co.'s Flour, a sack of Salt, a barrel of Lime, &c., for less for the cash than you can buy it in the city.

WE will sell you good brown Sugar at 6c., good Green and Roasted Coffee at 12½c. and 10 lbs. Granulated Sugar at 80c., cash.

WE will sell you a good, solid Plow Shoe at $1, $1 25 and the Best Plow Shoe at $1 40 a pair, also a pair of Gent's Sewed Bals., (a good dress shoe,) for $1 35 such as is sold at $1 50. A Gent's Calf, Buttoned or Lace Shoe at $2 50, such as is sold for $3 00 and a pair of Ladies' Kid Front, Glove Kid Tip, Worked Buttonhole, a splendid article and warranted sound for $1 75.

LIME, LIME, LIME.—Hair and W. W. Brushes, a large stock and for sale in quantities. We aim to keep a little of everything and by buying our goods close for the cash, and discounting all our bills we are enabled to sell very cheap.

☞Give us a call and we will prove to you that we mean business. Thankful for past favors we are

Yours obediently, &c.,
WM. C. A. THOMPSON,
Sept. 19, 1885. Up Town.

LIME FOR SALE.

Having purchased

THE LIME KILN

at the Railroad Station in Chestertown formerly owned by Levi Fiddis, Jr., I am now prepared to sell either

Slaked or Quick Lime

for Building purposes, at the following figures at the kiln: slaked, 6c. per bushel quick, 12c. per bushel.
Oct. 15-tf. WM. PERKINS.

Government Aid to Public Schools.

SPEECH OF

HON. E. K. WILSON,

IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE,
February 19, 1886.

The Senate, as in Committee of the Whole, resumed the consideration of the bill (S. 194) to aid in the establishment and temporary support of common schools.

Mr. WILSON, of Maryland: Mr. President, I do not propose to make a speech on this bill; but since it offers a goodly sum of money to my State for school purposes, I wish very briefly to make known the reasons why I can not vote to receive it.

I believe it is usual, when one is invited to a feast, to give his excuses why he can not partake of the proffered hospitality. Every one who has spoken in favor of this measure—at least on this side of the House—has distinctly stated that all the power claimed for Congress is to appropriate money for the schools within the States, all the time most emphatically disclaiming all right to control by legislation their school systems, which are conceded to be exclusively within the sphere of State action.

I shall view the question entirely in the light of such concessions, without committing myself to the power of appropriation thus claimed. Conceding, then, for the sake of the argument, the power thus claimed, the measure before us forcibly demonstrates the dangers and abuses likely to result from an attempt by Congress to appropriate money to be expended within the States for purposes outside of Federal control, and lying exclusively within the reserved rights and duties the States.

Right here, in the first attempt to appropriate out of the National Treasury money raised by taxation for the maintenance of public schools, with a full disclaimer on the part of the friends of the bill of any desire or power to shape or control State school systems, we find the boldest attempts to dictate to the States how those systems shall be ordered and regulated. It first provides that so many millions of dollars shall be distributed among the States for the support of common schools upon the basis of illiteracy. If stopped there it would be such a law as its advocates alone claim the power to enact. But the bill further proceeds to prescribe a course of studies as a condition precedent to the enjoyment of its bounty. It is perfectly manifest that if we have the right to prescribe one course of study the simplest kind we have the right in like manner to enforce another of a still higher grade; or, in other words, we can take charge of that entire branch of school legislation, giving the State the alternative of conforming to our will or of losing all claim to her share of such appportionment.

Another section provides that unless the State raises by home taxation as much money as her apportionment under the law would give her she shall forfeit the difference between the amount she does raise and the amount of her apportionment. Thus, she must adapt her legislation to this bill in the exercise of her sovereign right of taxation or pay the penalty of disobedience.

Another section forbids the spending of any of the money allotted to a State toward building school-houses. It makes the erection of more school-houses absolutely necessary to the full fruition of this money in many of the States, but imposes upon such States the necessity of further State taxation for such new school-houses or makes them forfeit all right to any share of this common fund.

Another section provides that no money shall be paid out to any State which shall not have provided a system of free common schools for all its children of school age, without distinction of race or color, either in the raising or in the distributing of school revenues, or in the school facilities afforded. Several States, as their laws now stand, must report systems in a greater or less degree not conformable to this requirement. Such States, then, must forfeit all claim to any share of this fund while bearing their full share of the burden of taxation, or hasten to conform their laws to the dictation of Congress.

Now, let us not be told that Congress does not actually establish any school system in a State by direct and positive legislation, but only enacts conditions precedent which we must conform to if we desire to reap any benefit from this legislation. Such a law, it is plain, will open a direct and powerful agency toward coercing States in such law-making as Congress choses to impose upon them. It will be an entering wedge to the control of State systems of education, to be driven home by the powerful influences of power, but would buy his wife something else, limiting her to $15,000.' After several purchases had been made they left, and I again called the expert, who examined the stones carefully and pronounced them genuine. This morning as another one of the diamond buyers was passing through the store he stopped at my counter and asked me if I had sold Mrs. A. B. the necklace? I told him that I had not, and then explained how Mr. and Mrs. C. D. had returned the necklace the day before. 'Let's see the thing,' said he. 'It's possible that the price is too high, and it might be more easily sold by making two necklaces of the one.' I unlocked the safe and handed him the necklace. He looked at it and decided that it would not be best to alter it and was handing it back to me when he stopped and looked at it again. Then he took it over near the light and after a moment I saw his face turn pale. He called to me and I hastened to where he stood, when he simply held out the necklace saying: 'Those are not diamonds—they are paste.'"

"This disclosure brought the other expert, who at once pronounced the stones imitations, but added: 'The change has been made since last night, for when so-and-so and myself examined the necklace genuine diamonds were where Parisian paste now is.'"

"To make a long story short, detectives were put on the track of both ladies and their husbands, and the clerk and expert, but every effort at discovery failed. The ladies never wore diamonds which in the slightest degree resembled those originally in the necklace. Goods of value are not left over night any longer by the employes of that house. The strangest feature of the robbery is that the false stones were the counterpart of the genuine ones, and the resetting, which must have been done very rapidly, showed no alteration marks. Detectives at that time pronounced it as being one of the cleverest robberies ever committed."—*N. Y. World.*

The Romance of a Coal Stove.

One day last fall, after talking until his throat was sore, a Detroit stove dealer succeeded in selling a widow a coal stove, but it was with a proviso that if everything didn't work satisfactorily he was to make it. Two days after delivering the stove he got his first call. A boy entered the store and said:

"Mrs. —— wants you to come up and fix the stove. The house is full of smoke.'

A man was sent up, and he found the trouble to be with the chimney. Only three or four days had passed when the boy came in again and said:

"That stove is puffing and blowing and scaring the widow to death. She wants the same man to come up again."

He was sent, and it was discovered that she didn't know how to arrange the dampers and drafts. Everything seemed to run well for a week, and then the boy walked in to announce:

"She sent me down to have you send that man up again, please. The house is full of gas from the stove."

The man went up and applied the remedy, but inside of the three days the stove got to puffing; two days after that the fire would n't draw; then it drew too much; then gas escaped again. At length the dealer went to the house and said:

"Madame, you gave me $30 for the stove; how much will you take for it?"

"I wouldn't sell it."

"But I can't be sending my man up here every two or three days all winter."

"You won't have to. I've concluded to marry him in order to have some one here in case of accident."

And a few days ago they were quietly and happily married.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LOCUST POSTS.

A CARGO WILL BE READY for Distribution in April.

Orders taken in advance will save freight from Scott's Point to landing of purchaser.

These Posts are being cut this winter especially to suit our Kent and Queen Anne's county fencing.

Orders given now for Cypress Fencing will be to the advantage of the purchaser.

Enter your orders now for spring delivery. Mail me lumber bills for estimates. We only want a chance to compete for your orders.

Apply to the office of
JOSEPH TURNER.
Feb. 20, 1886.

WANTED.

20,000 BUS. OF CORN
—AND—
20,000 Bus. of WHEAT

For the WM. LEA & SONS CO., Brandywine Mills, Wilmington, Delaware, for which I will pay

SEVERAL CENTS MORE PER BUSHEL
THAN IT WILL NET IN BALTIMORE.

E. T. COMEGYS,
BORDLEY'S CORNER,
Feb6-tf. Chestertown, Md.

THE DULL SEASON!

MAKE IT PAY
—BY—
CAREFUL PURCHASES!

DO YOU WANT ANYTHING IN THE

DRY GOODS LINE?

If you do there is ONE PLACE in Chestertown that we know will sell you during the present season especially the GREATEST SORT OF BARGAINS. That place is the store of

J. H. SIMPERS.

Very great attention has been given personally to the

SHOE BUSINESS!

and those in want of SHOES or BOOTS will find it greatly to their interest to call at J. H. SIMPERS'.

Shoes for Ladies' Wear!
Shoes for Gents' Wear!
Shoes for Children's Wear!
Shoes of Highest Grade!
Shoes of the Cheaper Grade!

RUBBERS! RUBBERS!

Shoes that can't be beat in quality for the price!

Our stock is just the thing to select from at this season embracing besides the above a full line of

QUEENSWARE and GROCERIES, CARPETS and OIL CLOTHS! TOBACCO and CIGARS!

Give me a call and be convinced.

☞REMEMBER THE PLACE:

J. H. SIMPERS.
Jan. 30, 1886.

Special Caution!

Against any person from driving or riding through the winter months with thin wrappings.

JOHN F. HOWARD

has just opened a large lot of Heavy Wrappings, such as:

FANCY LAP ROBES,
GOAT ROBES, WOLF ROBES,
Extra Fine Kersey Horse Blankets

of many styles. We invite you to call and examine before buying. As we told you before we are selling them at Wheat and Corn prices.

JOHN F. HOWARD.

P. S.—We also have on hand a full line of HARNESS, Double and Single, Hand Made and Machine Made, and make to order anything in our line.

JOHN F. HOWARD,
Nov. 7—tf. Saddle & Harness Works.

FOR SALE,

100,000 ft. of LUMBER

For Wheelwright material.

100,000 Feet of WHITE and RED OAK, Popar, Walnut, Bridge Boards, Scantling, White Hickory of different thickness.

WM. PERKINS,
apr20. "Rising Sun," Chestertown.

Let Congress, under the real or assumed power of appropriating the public money toward other purposes than those growing out of their enumerated powers, strive to stamp out cattle plagues or alleviate the destitution of storm or plague-stricken people either at home or abroad, or erect a grand national university in this beautiful city; for such matters are either occasional and evanescent in their character, or may be referred to other grants of power to Congress, and are not important to be controlled by the States, in order to preserve their dignity and rightful status in our dual system of government; but let us keep our hands away from our State school systems, for which we have not and never claimed the power to legislate, and even now disclaim such power, while all the while we are insidiously imposing the heavy hand of power on them and are treacherously bringing gifts, in return for which we demand that they shall conform their legislation to our will or lose all benefit of the taxation, the burden of which they have helped to bear.

While I would not and do not battle for the rights of the States to render them powerful and aggressive as against the general government, I do most anxiously and earnestly beseech that all their plain and undisputed rights and jurisdiction shall be most sacredly guarded, as the only security we have on earth to be at once free and the citizens of an almost illimitable empire.

An Extraordinary Theft.

THE STORY OF A $50,000 DIAMOND NECKLACE.

HOW A TRICK WAS PLAYED BY WHICH THE JEWELS WERE REMOVED AND PASTE SUBSTITUTED.

The following advertisement appeared in the columns of the New York *World* in a recent issue:

$250 REWARD will be paid for the recovery of a small brooch, composed of a cat's eye surrounded by sixteen diamonds set on a bar of gold; the attention of pawnbrokers and loan men is requested. Tiffany & Co., Union Square.

A group of gentlemen were seated in the office of the Mansion House one evening last week, discussing various topics, when one of the party remarked that his wife's sister had been robbed of a very valuable diamond ring, and that she had been unable to obtain a clue to the thief. A gentleman well-known in Brooklyn then narrated the following, which he vouched for as being correct:

"I was standing in the store of one of New York's largest jewelry houses one day and had been examining a pair of diamond earrings, which I purposed purchasing for my intended wife, when a most distinguished looking lady entered and said: 'I want to look at that necklace again, and want you to send it up to my house tonight, so that my husband can see it and purchase it for me.' The necklace in question was taken from the big safe, where the finest jewels were kept and shown to the lady, who said that her husband 'must buy it for her.' After she had gone the clerk asked me if I knew who that lady was. I answered that I did not. He said: 'That is Mrs. A. B., wife of one of Wall street's luckiest speculators. Her husband is worth over $15,000,000 at the least estimate.'

"I left the store undecided about my intended purchase, but went back three days afterward and made my selection. While waiting for my change the same clerk asked me if I remembered the lady who wanted the diamond necklace sent to her home for her husband's approval on the day I had first looked at the earrings just purchased? I told him I recollected the lady perfectly. 'We have a most mysterious robbery on hand, and who the robber is or where or when it occurred we do not know, but no pains or expense is being spared to find out. The lady's husband refused to purchase the necklace on account of its high price, which was $50,000. On the day following the necklace was handed to me by the lady's husband. The diamond expert and myself examined the necklace and decided that it was just as it left the store. That afternoon Mrs. C. D., residing on Brooklyn Heights, and whose husband is the senior partner of one of the largest importing houses in New York, came in and wanted to look at our best diamonds.

"'Among other gems I brought out the $50,000 necklace, and when she saw it she went into raptures over it, and told me to have it sent home by 5 o'clock, so that she could secure her husband's approval. This lady's husband was then and is today worth over $10,000,000, so the necklace was taken to his residence, a receipt given by the lady herself and the necklace left. About 9.30 the next morning in came the lady and her husband, the latter handing me the necklace, saying 'he could not afford to pay such a price, but would buy his wife something else, limiting her to $15,000.' After several purchases had been made they left, and I again called the expert, who examined the stones carefully and pronounced them genuine. This morning as another one of the diamond buyers was passing through the store he stopped at my counter and asked me if I had sold Mrs. A. B. the necklace? I told him that I had not, and then explained how Mr. and Mrs. C. D. had returned the necklace the day before. 'Let's see the thing,' said he. 'It's possible that the price is too high, and it might be more easily sold by making two necklaces of the one.' I unlocked the safe and handed him the necklace. He looked at it and decided that it would not be best to alter it and was handing it back to me when he stopped and looked at it again. Then he took it over near the light and after a moment I saw his face turn pale. He called to me and I hastened to where he stood, when he simply held out the necklace saying: 'Those are not diamonds—they are paste.'"

"This disclosure brought the other expert, who at once pronounced the stones imitations, but added: 'The change has been made since last night, for when so-and-so and myself examined the necklace genuine diamonds were where Parisian paste now is.'"

"To make a long story short, detectives were put on the track of both ladies and their husbands, and the clerk and expert, but every effort at discovery failed. The ladies never wore diamonds which in the slightest degree resembled those originally in the necklace. Goods of value are not left over night any longer by the employes of that house. The strangest feature of the robbery is that the false stones were the counterpart of the genuine ones, and the resetting, which must have been done very rapidly, showed no alteration marks. Detectives at that time pronounced it as being one of the cleverest robberies ever committed."—*N. Y. World.*

CARL SIGMUND'S WIFE.

The clouds were massed in crimson glory in the west, and on them were fixed the large beautiful eyes of the young Countess Hester, who stood looking from one of the many windows of her new home.

It was the eve of her wedding-day. Scarcely eight hours previous she had sworn to love, honor and obey Carl Sigmund, until death did them part. He it was who now occupied her thoughts and shut out the splendid landscape, glinted with the glory of the dying day. Natural enough for the husband to fill heart and mind alike of the bride, yet a frown contracts the low, white brow, an ominous glitter shines in the wonderful gray eyes, and a scornful smile plays about the exquisitely-curved lips, while the little hand, grasping the curtain, is tightly clenched.

A sound breaks her reverie. She quickly turns, as the door of the room is softly opened, and the figure of a tall, powerful man darkens the threshold.

"You find all to your liking, Florence?" he asks, and voice and eyes alike are tender as he puts the question.

"A moment ago—yes," she replies. "I was alone."

A shade darkened his face.

"Alone, Florence? Is my presence really so distasteful to you?"

She shrugged her shoulders, and turned her face once more towards the open window.

With one stride he had reached her side, and laid his hand upon her arm.

"Answer me!" he said; and his tone now was a command. "Today, you swore to make my happiness. I knew our marriage was one of convenience; I knew that the Countess Hester would not have stooped to the plebeian hand of the rich manufacturer's son, had it not been that the fortunes of her house had sadly fallen; I knew she was no hypocrite, to feign a love she did not feel. But I did not know she gave scorn for love, or hatred for courtesy. She was a woman, I a man. She bridged the social gulf between us when she became my wife. Florence do you already repent the step?"

"Bitterly! madly!" she replied, raising her eyes to his and letting him see the scorn and anger in their depths. "You say I was no hypocrite. I was; but I will be so no longer. You need not talk alone of my ambition. What of yours? You had money—not rank, not social position. These latter I give you in exchange for your wealth. The bargain is an even one—let us cry quits; but let us have no talk of love, or heart, or sentiment. Let us bury these in a marital grave, and on it uprear a monument of distant courtesy. Do not make me hate you by forcing upon me the rights you have assumed. Leave me my solitude, unless when the world demands it otherwise. I will not intrude upon yours."

The young man's face was of an almost ghastly pallor as she finished speaking. His hand dropped from her arm.

"Though I may boast no title, countess," he said very slowly, "I claim nobility's truest rank—the rank of a gentleman, to whom the wishes of the woman he has made his wife are law. You have not spared me in expressing yours. Allow me to offer you my deepest sympathy for the cruel fate which tempted you to make the sacrifice on which the church this morning set its seal, and which I for the first time appreciate. Happily, madame, the home to which I have brought you is not a cottage. When you wish for me, command me. Otherwise I beg that you will consider your apartments your castle, at whose gates Carl Sigmund will never knock, either as supplicant or intruder."

He bowed low as he ceased speaking, and slowly recrossed the room. On its threshold he paused.

Did he expect her to call him back, or at least to soften her cruel words? If so, he was wrong. His hesitation was scarcely perceptible. The door closed behind him—the young and beautiful woman was again alone.

An expression of surprise, of almost admiration, swept over her face, then the old scorn blazoned there.

"At least, he understands me now," she murmured; "but for a plebeian, he did it well."

Rank for money. It had been a fair exchange the world decreed; and many a house, hitherto an unknown land to the young inheritor of his father's fortune and the great workshops which covered acres of space in the very heart of the great city, now welcomed him to its *fetes* and its tables. Fair women smiled upon him, and men who once would have turned their backs, listened to his opinions with attention which grew into respect.

If the young countess had expected to be ashamed of her husband, the expectation was destined to disappointment. On every side she heard his praise, and the frown vanished from her brow and the scorn from her lip.

Never did he fail in courtesy toward her; never did she express a wish left unfulfilled. A checkbook with blank checks signed by his signature, to be filled up as she wished, lay upon her toilet table.

Hitherto her life had been one of almost penury, spite of her exalted rank. A marriage de convenance had been the sole resort left her, and she had unhesitatingly availed herself of it.

Her beauty, unrivaled even with its old shabby setting, was now enhanced by exquisite toilets and priceless jewels. She had all that her fondest dreams had pictured, yet day by day a restless, unsatisfied longing was gnawing at her heart, and she looked about in vain for the unknown something which would satisfy it.

Once, as she and her husband were driving home together from some brilliant *fete*, remembering some remarks concerning him which had reached her ear, she glanced toward him.

"A wonderfully handsome man," a woman high in rank had said, and his wife was compelled to confirm the verdict.

Wonderfully handsome, indeed, but how white he looked, and a wan, weary expression was in his eyes and about his mouth.

"Carl, are you not well?" she said, and laid her gloved hand on his arm.

He shivered at her touch, and drew himself hastily away.

At that moment the carriage stopped, and the footman threw open the door. For the first time he permitted the man to assist his wife to alight, he following her up the stairs and disappearing within his rooms.

She mounted the steps slowly, and when within her own apartments she stood still.

"He has learned to hate me," she said to herself—"to hate me, and I—"

The rest of the sentence was left unfinished.

* * * * * * * * *

There was great excitement in the town. The men belonging to Carl Sigmund's factories had struck for higher wages, and he had refused their demands.

It was a principle of right with him. He was both just and generous in his prices paid them, and he determined not to be coerced into a step his judgment told him was but the first toward proving his workmen, not himself, might hold the mastery.

The immense buildings were closed; the heavy looms were still; the drinking-places throughout the city were constantly filled with groups of sullen men, who had already lost what the advance would gain them in a year.

Days merged into weeks, and sullenness found voice, and voice merged into threats, and the threats directed themselves against one man, the master of the works.

"It's all very well for him to ride in his carriages while we starve," they said. "Let him look to himself. Hungry men are desperate."

At last these threats reached his ear. For the first time since that memorable day, almost a year before, he presented himself at his wife's apartments.

As a voice, in answer to his knock, bade him enter, he opened the door. By a strange coincidence, she was standing in the self-same spot, but a deep crimson flush mounted to her forehead, and betrayed her surprise at this most unlooked for visit.

She stepped forward to meet him but paused. He was the calm, possessed one of the two.

"I would apologize for my intrusion," he said, "but that when I make known its object you will understand its necessity. I hear this morning that the men are banding themselves into rioters. My house will be the first point of attack. I deem it best that you should send your jewels and valuables to the bank, and seek some place of safety with any of your friends whom you may prefer."

"And you?"

"I shall remain here."

"But there is danger."

"True; but no man hitherto, I think, has suspected me of cowardice, and as my post is here, here I will remain. I shall take all measures for my safety, then meet whatever comes. In case of the worst—and doubtless at this juncture my life is threatened—I have left all my affairs in shape, and need only assure you, madame, that my wife's future has been my first care!"

"Thanks," she murmured, and bent her head. He could not see the tear that glistened on the lashes sweeping the lovely cheek.

"I have thought of the Countess Hauptman," he continued. "She, I am sure, will be delighted to welcome you. Will you choose her house?"

"No."

"Whose, then?"

"I shall remain here."

"Madame, it is impossible."

"And why? You stay! A wife's place is beside her husband."

He smiled bitterly.

"This is scarcely the time, madame, to remember your vows. Forget them, I pray you, in this as in all else. I must insist upon your choosing some other shelter."

She shook her head.

"I cannot," she murmured, in a voice so low that he could scarcely catch the words.

"You cannot? Is there some reason, then, I do not know?"

"Perhaps, but one I may not confess. Respect it, however, I beseech you, and let me remain."

"I could scarcely hope, madame, to be esteemed worthy of your confidence, neither can I use force in compelling you to leave this house, but I must exercise a husband's right in demanding your obedience. The danger is too obvious to permit you to share it."

"Be it so, then. Within an hour my apartments will be vacant."

"Shall I escort you to your friend's house?"

"No; I will go alone, Carl."

She hesitated a moment.

"You will promise me to run no unnecessary risk?"

"No man should trifle with his life. It is God's gift," he answered, and abruptly left her, standing with clasped hands and heaving bosom.

"What care he took to tell me why his life was precious," she murmured. "Yet, do I not deserve it? Yes, but not that it should be taken from me. Oh, God spare him! spare him!" and she fell, in bitter weeping, on her knees.

It was midnight when the mob attacked his house. There were loud cries for the master.

"Let him speak and we will listen," they all shouted.

Within his barricaded windows Carl Sigmund heard and understood. He advanced toward one of the windows and began unfastening the barriers. The foreman of the works seized his arm.

"You are mad," he said. "I have dispatched a messenger for assistance. Show yourself and your life will not be worth a moment's ransom. It is a pretense to make you show yourself."

"The master! the master!" came the cry.

"They are right," said Sigmund. "They respect—they used to care for me. I will talk to them. If they kill me a man cannot die in better cause than in his duty. My duty lies in proving my cause right. Let me go."

But at this instant a dress rustled at the door. Carl turned. His wife, pale and beautiful, stood upon the threshold of the room.

Ere his surprise could find words, she was kneeling at his feet, her arms clasped about him.

"My love! my husband!" she cried. "You shall not go! Despise, hate me, as you will. I deserve it all. But, oh, do not cast away the life without which mine could not exist."

He looked at her as if in a dream, then motioned for the others to withdraw, before he lifted her from where she knelt.

"How came you here?" he questioned. "Poor child! the terror has turned your brain."

"No, Carl—no! I could not leave you. I said that I would go, only that I might stay. I stayed because I love you — because I have loved you from the very day I became your wife, though I scorned and refused to acknowledge the passion which has mastered me. I know that I may never hope to win that which I might once have won; but let me know that you live—let me but see you, hear your voice, and even though you hate me, yet I may glean some happiness."

"Hate you?" he whispered. "My love, my wife! You have indeed made my life a precious boon. But listen, they are calling me. I must go."

"Then I will go with you!" she replied.

And as the fastenings fell at the touch of his hand, she stepped out on the balcony by his side.

A long, low murmur ran through the crowd below. No weapon, no armor could have protected Carl Sigmund as did the presence of that young, beautiful woman, who stood with hands clasped about his arm.

Silence fell as he spoke a few earnest words. Ere he had finished the tramp was heard of approaching soldiers, but they were not needed. The strike was ended. Calm had taken the place of passion, and reason of anger. But far, far deeper than the external peace between master and men, was that which had stolen into Carl Sigmund's heart—the heart where lay pillowed the fair, haughty head which, like the restless dove sent from the ark, had found at last shelter and sweet rest.

HENRY WAS LEFT.

Among the hundred or more women who brought back slippers to a prominent shoe house to be changed after Christmas was one motherly, good-natured woman, who said she guessed, all things considered, she'd take twelve shillings' worth of plug tobacco.

"Yes, but we don't deal in tobacco," replied the clerk.

"Then I'll take a pocket-knife."

"We don't keep cutlery."

"Don't you? You see, I thought these slippers would be just the thing, and I was tickled to death when I got money enough to buy 'em. My dear husband is such a kind, loving husband that I'd almost break my neck to buy him a Christmas present."

"I'm sure these slippers were a nice gift."

"Yes, but he's so singular, you know. After supper I asked him to guess what Santa Claus had brought him, and he kissed me and guessed a trotting-horse, a $75 overcoat, a half-interest in a saloon, a gold watch, a diamond pin and several other things. By and by when I gave him the slippers the poor, dear man looked so terribly disappointed that I felt sorry for him. He brought me a rap across the face with one and gave our baby a terrible spanking with the other, and my heart went out in sympathy for his disappointment."

"And you don't want to change 'em for another pair?"

"Bless you, no! If you'd seen the way he upset the sewing-machine, smashed the stove and kicked the dog you'd have realized what it was to have set your mind on a trotting horse and have your bright dream shivered by a pair of toothpick slippers. I guess I'll change 'em for euchre decks or whisky, or a pistol."

The clerk lost a year's growth in trying to explain to her that nothing of the sort was kept in that store, and she finally left with the remark:

"Well, I'll stop the first kind-feed man I meet and try and sell 'em for a dollar in cash. I can't bear to think of my dear Henry kicking and smashing around the house because he got nothing in his stocking."

"PAPPA," asked little Johnny, "why is it that they always begin the legislative session with prayers?" "I don't know, my son," replied his father, "unless it is to sort o' blind the eye of the Lord to what is done after the prayer is ended."

"MAMMA," said a precocious little boy, who, against his will was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother, "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

THIS is the glorious season of the year when you wear an overcoat one day, a thin coat the second, a porous plaster the third, and a doctor's bill the fourth.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious, or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others, ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

Job-Printing.

HANDBILLS, CARDS, CIRCULARS, BLANKS BILLHEADS, &c., &c.,

executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

WOMAN.

Opinions of Distinguished Thinkers of all Ages—Her Virtues and Follies Compared.

Confucius: Woman is the masterpiece.
Franklin: He that takes a wife takes care.
Herder: Woman is the crown of creation.
LaFontaine: Foxes are all tail and woman all tongue.
Voltaire: Women teach us repose, civility and dignity.
Boccicault: I wish that Adam had died with all his ribs in his body.
John Quincy Adams: All that I am my mother made me.
Victor Hugo: Women detest the serpent through a professional jealousy.
Eugene Sue: There is something worse to be dreaded than a Jesuit, and that is a Jesuitess.
Lamartine: There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.
Fielding: In the forming of female friendships, beauty seldom recommends one woman to another.
Whittier: If a woman lost us Eden, such as she alone restores it.
Socrates: Trust not a woman when she weeps, for it is her nature to weep when she wants her will.
E. S. Barrett: Woman is last at the cross and earliest at the grave.
Mary Wollstonecraft: As a sex women are habitually indolent, and everything tends to make them so.
Richter: No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.
Rochebourne: It is easier for a woman to defend her virtue against men than her reputation against women.
N. P. Willis: The sweetest things in life is the unclouded welcome of a wife.
Ben Jonson: A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.
Voltaire: All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.
Southey: There are three things a wise man will not trust; the wind, the sunshine of an April day, and a woman's plighted faith.
Beecher: Women are a new race, re-created since the world received Christianity.
Swift: The love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves; in women from the contrary.
Leopold Schefer: But one thing on earth is better than the wife—that is the mother.
Lady Montague: It goes far towards reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of marrying one.
Shakespeare: For where is any author in the world teaches such beauty as woman's eyes.
Swift: The reason why such few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.
Michelet: Woman is the Sunday of Man; not his repose only, but his joy, the salt of his life.
Alphonse Carr: A woman who writes commits two sins; she increases the number of books, and decreases the number of women.
Margaret Fuller Ossoli: Woman was born for love, and it is impossible to turn her from seeking it.
Douglas Jerrold: What women would do if they could not cry nobody knows! What poor, defenceless creatures they would be!
Louis Desnoyers: A woman may be ugly, ill-shaped, wicked, ignorant, silly and stupid, but hardly ever ridiculous.
Charles Buxton: Juliet was a fool to kill herself, for in three months she'd have married again, and been glad to quit of Romeo.
Lord Langdale: If the whole world were put into one scale, and my mother into the other the world would kick the beam.
Chesterfield: Women are much more alike than men; they have in truth, but two passions, vanity and love; these are their universal characteristics.

"DON'TS" FOR WOMEN.

Don't trade off all your husband's old clothes for a pair of china dogs and then tell him.
Don't have more than a dozen places for the button-hook.
Don't communicate unpleasant news or ask a favor eating. The heart is not easily touched when the stomach is empty.
Don't gather up all the receipts and notes that he has put carefully away on the sitting-room table—and burn them in the f